

UMBRA COMITIORUM,

OR

G4900

Cambridge Commencement
in Types.

A Commencement now-a-dayes is the Synods Adjournall-House; A Visitation of all the Empirick Divines: It differs from the Old, as the Parochiall Basen from the Parish Font; Indeed it is the Font turn'd into the Basen for the baptising of all (within the Pale of the University) into the Church of Adoniram. The God-fathers are of the same Religion with the Fathers, nurtur'd in the Christ-Crosse-Directory; and the Synods little principall Catechisme will answer for none, but such as deny John Goodwin, and all his Works. These are the Babes of this new Jerusalem, still in their non-age, like Cows-rails, or their Fathers Beard; growing longer and lower. But yet how do they lift up their Crests, and budge with the Horns of Salvation on their Fore-heads! And because Master Lazarus ha's none of his own, they say he exalteth others.

But round with the Morice Dance: And since the greatest Head ha's the least wit, enter first (with reverence to your Amlets) the Preacher at Trinity, a Silenced-Minister in the times of the Gospel, even since illumination, and the gifts of the Spirit came into fashion. This Prodigy of faith, to shew the virtue of regeneration, (which they term a Creation) would seem to be a Scholar: A man against Reason, (by the moving of his Eye-brows) to be made a Logician. He kept a fluttering with an Argument, but prov'd Haggard in disputing. An old chrid-bare Saint new-cloth'd with a long-waisted Conscience in the fashion, to be a pattern to others, ha's shewn the good work of Conversion upon his own soul first, in setting up the States Arms in his Colledge. And its reported too, that (according to the Solemn League and Covenant) he intends to saddle his Asses, and † ride in triumph with Christ † A Phrase Jesus from Colledge to Colledge, upon the next Thanks-giving Day. But oh for some Oculist to help me in the light of the next; that spiritual Hocas Pocas: he must be drawn like Janus with two faces, or rather vizards; when he turns up the White of one eye, and looks upon the Old Covenant, and with the Green of the other beholds

the *New*, he contracts the *Species* of both, and sayes, that the *New* is but the fulfilling of the *Old*; The dark vail of *Presbytery* being now withdrawn, the clear Lights of *Independency* shine upon him. There is not a murder'd Fellow of his Colledge, but bleeds at the touch of this Malefactor; nor a *Bastard* one begotten, but he is the Parent. Unmask him but well, and his inside as ill as his outside is sophisticate. This Man shews but a *blinde* Commencement.

The next *Puppet* in this Fools-Play, is the little pretty *Immanuelist*, who likewise should be a Brat of the Whore, did he but speak the Language of the *Beast* a little truer. This is a *Lisper* in Learning, and a *Lisper* too in Religion; he never speaks plain but when he scolds at his Wife; or threatens M. *Goodwin* for denying Election, and Reprobation of Women.

Just such another Linguist is *Christs Colledge Samuel*; he understands nothing but *Hebrew*, and in this too he must be read backwards. There's more Monsters retain to him, then to all the Limbs in *Anatomy*; Death it self cannot quit scores with this same Fellow, for hee'l rise with his *Guts* full at the *Resurrection*. But by the way, after he had disgorg'd his Brains here, he takes such a Surfet in his Giblets at Dinner, that (as if he meant to do Death a curtesie) he sate upon the *Close-stool* of *Repentance* for seven Days after, praying with Groans and Grunts unutterable against all *Compurgatours*: And how can the Grave entertain such a Skull and Carkass, as being not Meat, but Poyson for Worms? This is the † *Summum genus* of *Non sense*, beyond which there is † *His own* *Terra incognita*: So curious a *Logician* is He, that he never makes a *Syllogisme* but invents a new *Figure*. Hee's *Phrase*. like a *Cock* of the Game, striking at anothers, knocks out his own Brains: But had he ever any? Surely no; for he comes of the Lineage of *Peter Harrison*, the same begat him both *Master* and *Scholar*. As a dark Shop then is to commend ill Wares, such was the use of this Man here. These purblinde fancies shew the Commencement but in *duskie Types*.

Next appears in a Vision the young *Husband* of *Queens*; when he looks upon his Sweeting, he lifts up the eyes of his minde, and blesteth all his *Fellows*. Who observed his *Syllogismes*? they were all cornuted: and indeed the common Example which *Logicians* give to the *Rule*, may be applied to him; though so carefull a Man of his *Wife*, that when he goes forth, he locks up the *Chamber-door*, (I wish he would lock up her mouth too) and carries the Key in his Pocket with him; so it is not for us to lodge here.

Rgom for the *Antichrist* of *Peter-house*, that by virtue of *S. Peters* Keys locks and opens all. A Mummer in Religion, that thinks to out-brave us with his Name, though himself be fowler. Unravell the *Creature*, and every limb is *Heteroclite*. This *Pelagian* fights always against *Orthodox* men, and Opinions; onely the purity of his own remains untouch'd in all Times and Ages. If *Pythagoras* were now alive, he might confirm his Opinion by seeing this Soul pass so many *Transformations*; It would puzzle the *Catholike Church* to give him a Name, were he a Member thereof: Certainly, he is *Universals Superfatation*, *Transcendent* beyond *Ens*. Its a drawn match between him and *Hill*, which is the worst Pulpit-man; the one *weeps* out his Sermon, the other *howls* it out; And indeed this man (Crocodile-like) weeps and devours. But how did he lift up the tufts of his Beard, and snivell with his * *Negative Voice* against rendering any future account of his evil Actions; as if the Man with the long Beard could give him a Dispensation to truck mischief against *M. Hotham* with everlasting impunity!

* *Quest. Disp.*
Dantur rationes
boni & mali in-
dispensabiles.

Thus have ye the Combat of the *Spiritual Host* against the Arm of *flesh*, and his Shoulder-bone *M. Vicechancellor*. These are so much for *Reason*, and the others for *Faith*, that its a burden to their Spirits, they have any thing to do with them.

They be six of our seven *Planets*, whose Motions are so Eccentricall; *Icosædra's* of divers sides, and faces; like *Cats*, tols them which way you will, and they shall still light upon their leggs. Surely Nature varied her course in their composition, for though (according to their plain capacities) Earth is most predominant in them, yet take them in their Politick, and there should be an equality of the rest, in that they live so alike in all Elements. And yet these equivocal *Priests* stand clothed (forsooth) with *Christ's Robes* girt about their Consciences with a double Pack-thrid of the *Covenant* and *Engagement*: Thus Evil Spirits appear to some in Silks and Sattins. But what a prudential *Religion* is theirs, that expects Salvation by *Imputed* Righteousness, since the Professours be such changeable creatures, as its not possible there should be any *Inherent* in them! Is the Divinity of the very little *Orthodox Assembly* infallible, when as now we see their *Regenerated Brethren* of the *Covenant* can fall totally and finally from *Presbyterian Grace*?

But the *Saints* are not so valiant at disputing, as at Preaching. They can throw off their Caps in the Pulpit, and the Spirit comes fresh again to the nineteenth *Doctrine* and *Application*; but here they are glad to hold them

on, and now and then to refresh them with their *Holy-water'd Handkerchiefs*, to keep in the scantling of their Wits, least they stand in their Robes like those *Statues* among the Tombs at *Westminster*. Indeed they are *Masters* and *Scholars* much of a size; empty Bladders of *Manchester* blowing, onely with a few Peas, and Beans in them, to rattle to the Fraternity of Noddies on *Sunday mornings* at *Michaels*, and in the *Afternoons* at *S. Trinity*; The veryest dry *Nurses*, that ever our *Mother* the *University* had.

Their Teeth here are sharper set then their Tongues, and every-where their Guts are too large for their Brains: wherefore now they must have *Cordials*, and *Custards*, and *D. Hill* a sup of his *Asses-Milk* to strengthen his brains, and lengthen his ears. But let the *first course* passe.

A *Voyder* with the *Second* for *M. Proctours* jests, that *Scrap* and *Fragment* of wit; His anger-quodled brain did so boyle against *M. Goodwin*, and the zeal of his tongue spat so much fire and faggot, as if the flat-pated Heads had appointed him Executioner for the burning of his *Book* (which their illiterate Noddles are not able to answer) as being blasphemous against the totality and finality of their *Graces*. Thus is *Moses* made angry the second time; becaule the *Father* cannot bear him, the young *Boy* takes his part: Wonderfull Swordsmen of the Spirit, that can pierce through the *Heart* of Reason, with but ranching of the *Skin*, like those Artists that cut off the Head without removing it.

But room for *M. Umbra* of Wit; as fit for the Function, as if the *Synod* had ordained him with the Imposition of *D. Burgesses* Brains. And have we any thing more then *Shadows* here? The shadow of a Commencement, the shadow of a University, the shadows of Masters, Fellows, and Scholars? The *Body* has been dead, ever since *Manchester* set new *Heads* upon it. But the mischief was, his profane intermixture spoil'd the Fabrick of the holy Brotherhood; who becaule he spoke in *Sir Empiricks* tone, and quackt Doctrination, like an *Ordained Brother*, was accounted forsooth (according to the thirteenth Article in the *Synods Doctrine of Faith*) all over blasphemous against their hallowed Reverences. Its an Emblem of the *Golden-Age* (and such indeed their new-Masterships make it) when so tame a *Pigeon* may commerce with *Vultures*. But how often was this sorry Fellow executed alive? First knocks him dead that *Sampson Presbyter*, and with the same Engine too, the Jaw-bone of an *Ass*? Why did he quarrell with *Illumination*, when his black *Hue* darkned the place? This *Brother* is as squeamish in Conscience, as he is in his Countenance; *Astrology* must begin her Alphabet again to discover a
more

more ugly *Planet* then *Saturn* to be Lord of his *Aseendent* : The fairest *Representative* of *Croyden* that can be ; even so like, that his *Wife* ha's taken him for her *Husband* ; and thus he supplies all Offices in *M. Prottours* absence. Next out-kills him by a pound and an half in false *Weights* his *gude Christian Brother*. Then (with a mouth-full of grave simplicity) comes his *Father*, like to that *Beast*, that destroys her first Breed. But he is no better at killing of *Women*, for his *Mistris* at *S. Ives* never was love-sick for him yet, though he made it a *Case of Conscience* to her, that she ought to die for him. But for all these *Bombals* of the *Gospel*, the *Law* is not yet dead ; like *Cains Colledge Fox*, that has been often times hunted down, but, as they say, not yet laid : Thus some grow rich by breaking ; *Vipers* thus by being slain, do more increase.

Next come the *Philosophers* ; such mean Scholars, that its a courtesie to call them so ; but let them be cast into the Scales to make down-weight a *Sir John's Commencement*.

The *Quack-salvers* (according to their Office) peep in the Rear ; Men doubly gifted for the *Soul* and the *Body* ; whilest one hand is spreading of *Treacle*, the other is thumping of the *Pulpit*. *Times Hermaphrodites*, *Jacks of all Trades*, but good at none ; like *Stage-Players*, they would make us believe they are not the same Persons, when they have changed the *Classick Cloak* into a *Plush Jump*. But let us turn over these *Jack-tumblers*.

Thus are all this dayes *He-goats milkt* ; let us see what the morrow affords : And now we sit in as much *Darkness*, and *Shadow* of Learning, as in the *Vespers* before.

First enters, as a *Whiffler* before the *Shew*, that precious Jewell of the *Lady Margaret*, who can hollow here, but whispers to the *Engagement*. This good man is mightily troubled with the *Palsie* in his *Head* ; Oh ! it shakes in *Religion* like an empty *Bottle*.

Next comes to the *Stake* a most *Orthodox Cub* of *Immanuel*, with * *everlasting grace* to their new-born *Masterships*. Amongst * *Quest. ejus* the rest of the *Bayters* roars out a *blatant beast* of *Presbytery*, disp. *Renati* predestinated champion by *S M E C* against *John Goodwin*, non possunt hanging forth in his very countenance the red flag of defiance *totaliter*, & against him. This pulpit *Fire-man* was a shining light in a *finatiter exi-* *dere à gratia*. *dark Commencement*.

As an *Elder* to that *Presbyter* serves the *Prevaricator*, dubb'd at adventure *Sir Jack* of wit ; with wonderfull sagacity they hunt his jests dry-foot ; before they are conceiv'd, here are *Boy-Midwives* that bring them

forth: How did the Rampant *Brotherhood* play their prizes, and caterwaul one another! The *Bel-weather* goes before, and all the simple *Sheep* follow after. Thus whilst the *Brethren* feed on a *Woodcock*, it is (*Thyestes*-like) on their own breed: Those stomachs that spew'd him out at a *Lent Act*, come hungry now to lick up the *Vomit*. Is not wit grown strait-lac'd, when such a Squibber of an inch and an half can compass it? like thunder within the cloud, he onely rumbled, the clap was made below: Thus they crack nut shels; these Artificers of wit forge it in their own fancies; Surely we mistake either him, or our selves, if we think his Brain-pan sounds so much Musick, as to make us dance after it. Wit the last year *chew'd* the *Cud*, this year it *starves*: between two *Wooden* stools it falls now to the ground: Two whole *Prevaricators* are not able to make half a jest. And had the case been alter'd, especially with the *Law*, our thick-skull'd *Heads*, fellow-feelers of their *Members* infirmities, might have voted it a breach of their *Gospel-Reformation*; as Mr. *Harrison* (of blessed memory) out of the *Chaldee-Paraphrase* in *English*, prov'd *Christs-Colledge-Diurnall-maker* to be against *Scripture*. Wit (in this State of grace) looks with the *Excommunicated* Face of the *Assembly*; its of the same *Ordination, Institution*, and *Induction* with the *Directory, Catechisme, Doctrine of Faith*, and the rest of that still-born Breed.

But with *Sir-reverence* the *Father* should have gone before the *Sonne*: (yet remember *Tuesdays* mode) Be it spoken now (without profaning of his sanctified Cap) to the tender-conscienc'd *Intruder* at *S. Ives*; He's such a *Fade* for wit, that he was fain to be * *spur'd* by his Son to bleed it; and then comes a pittifull Use and Application * *Tantus ingenii cessator, ut calcari- bus indigeat.* out of *Will. Lillies* Accidence. Its as disputable whether this grave Coxcomb was witty, as whether *Peter Harrisons* two *Tables of Stone* were made of *Shittim-wood*. He fetch'd a course in his speech over the *Arts*, as he does in his sermons over Bishop *Andrews*; but like a *Hare* over the *Snow*, leaves a foul impresson all the way; You may track him from *Cambridge* to *S. Ives*, and there take him close-fitting in a *Sisters* Lap, with his black Cap turn'd into a white one; and then how like is the *Brothers* to a *Calves Head*, bound up in a clout!

But I am all in a sweat with the reakings of the *Parsons Caps*, and can endure no longer.

These then are the *Ingredients* of a *Commencement*, the *Simples* of this precious *Compound*; *Metalls*, that brought to the *Touch-stone* (like *Chymists* tinctures) prov'd all *adulterate*; the more they are *tried*, the more *drosse* comes from them; no fire is able to *refine* them; O may that
come

come which will consume them ! I am sure they have not the rarity of *Phœnixes*, that we should fear their *Ashes* may engender the like.

Our *Apollo* now wears midnight ; this new-fashion'd day is beetle-brow'd : Links and Torches to set off this Mask of learning, where the *Muses* act all in vizards ! I can hold open mine eyes no longer ; they even shrink within their pent-house at this vile disguise. Good night to learning ! One word more, before I go to rest.

A *Commencement* is a *Crack* of *Powder*, shot to gratulate the empty *Worships* of the *Assembly* ; A *Bell* and a *Rattle* to sound to the leather ears of the *Countrey-Hobby-Horses* : This is *Manchesters* second Triumph in the *Muses* warfare without a victory : And may all his *Sonnes* follow their *Fathers* Fate ; after a pastime of glory , live and die in shame and obscurity !

Amen.

Reprinted at Oxford for the famous University of
Cambridge.

Anno secundo libertatis ignorantie Academicæ.